

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

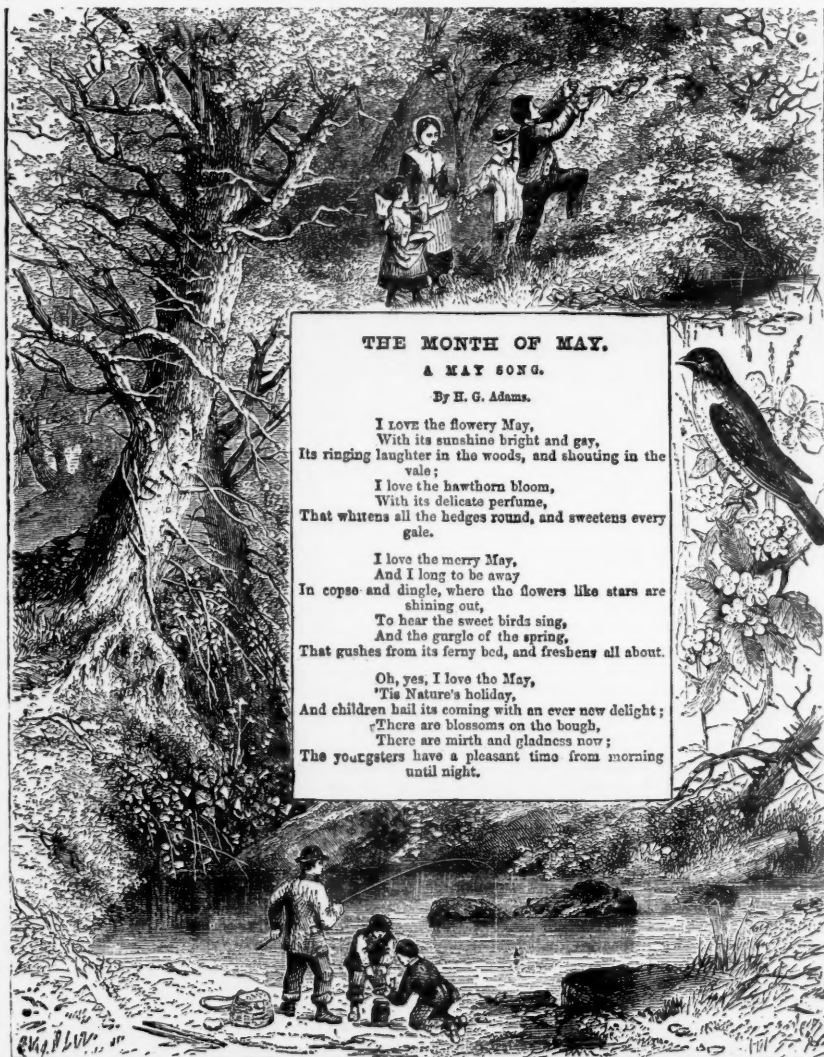
Vol. 18.

Boston, May, 1886.

No. 12.

Overworked and Underfed Horses.

There are some men who ought to be ashamed to look an honest horse in the face. None of our domestic animals, however much they may suffer from neglect, receive so much abuse as the horse. We refer more especially to the work horse, on the farm and before the cart and truck. Carriage horses generally fare well enough—or at least as well as those having care of them know how to keep them—since they are owned by well-to-do men, who take pride in their fine appearance and spirited action. But as a rule, the poor worker receives no such advantage from the pride of his owner. There are many exceptions, but the number of horses that fall under the head of the abused is sufficient to establish the rule. Underfed, overworked, poorly groomed, and often badly sheltered, every point in the poor creature is an expression of patient suffering. It is a painful sight to behold a horse with the sharp angles of its bones sticking out in all directions and the ribs painfully easy to count, tugging along before a too heavy load, and the driver, with his feet hanging over the end-board of the wagon, constantly applying the irritating lash to keep the poor creature from dropping into a listless, droning gait; and



THE MONTH OF MAY.

A MAY SONG.

By H. G. Adams.

I love the flowery May,
With its sunshine bright and gay,
Its ringing laughter in the woods, and shouting in the vale;

I love the hawthorn bloom,
With its delicate perfume,
That whitens all the hedges round, and sweetens every gale.

I love the merry May,
And I long to be away
In copse and dingle, where the flowers like stars are shining out,
To hear the sweet birds sing,
And the gurgle of the spring,
That gushes from its ferny bed, and freshens all about.

Oh, yes, I love the May,
'Tis Nature's holiday,
And children hail its coming with an ever new delight;
There are blossoms on the bough,
There are mirth and gladness now;
The youngsters have a pleasant time from morning until night.

sometimes a team is so far run down and exhausted that even the lash appears to make no impression. At least, it fails to quicken the pace or to awaken even the faintest apparent recognition from the poor jaded beast. This picture is not overdrawn. It may be seen in the streets of any city or large village every working day of the year. The owner may be in part excusable on the score of poverty, but his best excuse is his ignorance. For, if he did but know it, he could get much more value in service than the extra cost of feed out of his horses if he kept them in good condition, while he would save himself the extra work and lame shoulder resulting from the incessant swing of the arm in applying the lash. There can be no possible economy in starving a horse, or any other work animal: for the available force in the horse is what is put into it through its food, and as true as the truism, "something cannot come of nothing," is true, the owner can get no more out of his horses than he puts into them. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals can do the animal world no better service than to adopt some means of educating the ignorant owners of live stock as to the best methods of feed and care, in order to secure the best paying results.

—Exchange.

Easter.

UPON the stillness of the Sabbath morning
Peals forth the harmony of Easter bells,
The joyful cadence of their swelling music
To us the story of the season tells.
Lo, Christ is risen!

Oh, Church! With fairest flowers bestrew your altars;
Put off your solemn forms of Lenten gloom,
And sound abroad, that all may pause to listen,
"Our Christ no longer sleeps within the tomb,
For He is risen!

Oh, children! Whom the loving Christ did gather
Within his arms when here on earth he dwelt,
Lift, lift your voices in a glad hosanna,
And make the hardest heart to softness melt,
For Christ is risen.

Oh, Christians! Ye who long have known the Saviour,
Rejoice that his blood has atoned for you,
And in the glory of his resurrection
Your vows of worship, love and faith renew,
For He is risen!

Oh, Unbeliever! In your heart of darkness,
Is there no bright, sweet token of the dawn?
Does no small voice, within your bosom stirring,
Whisper the tidings of this Easter morn?
The Christ is risen.

Oh, Earth! Send forth your brightest buds and blossoms,
Clothe hill and valley in the robe of Spring,
And let the trees from leafy branches wafting
The message of this happy morning bring,
Our Lord is risen! —L. C. T.

Wheeler's Reply to Ingersoll.

In closing Mr. Wheeler gave the following as the tribute of a newspaper man to the spirit of Christianity: "During 20 odd years of eventful toil in the great city, I never found a depth of misery so deep, a poverty so rank, a crime so atrocious, a despair so black, that some humble follower of the master did not find it out. Into all the holes and corners of wretchedness where vice and poverty, like twin wolves, had hunted down their prey, the policeman and the reporter always found the hooded sister or the missionary ahead of them. They were the first to come. They were the last to go. They stayed and put up their supplication when all else of earth had forsaken the wretch. They followed him to the prison cell, and they stood beside him on the gallows, and they never forgot in all the obloquy of sin and the cry or human vengeance the eternal brotherhood of man."

Rosa Bonheur.

About forty years ago, at an exhibition of paintings in Paris, two small pictures attracted great attention. One was called "Goats and Sheep," the other "Two Rabbits." They were wonderfully true to life; and what made them still more remarkable was that they were the production of a girl only nineteen years old. That young French girl, Rosalie Bonheur, is now the famous artist known the world over as "Rosa Bonheur." She was born in Bordeaux, in the year 1822. Her father, Raymond Bonheur, was an artist of much merit, and he was her first teacher. From earliest youth she had a great fondness for animals, and delighted in studying their habits. So, naturally enough, she made animals the subjects of her pictures, and it is in this peculiar department of art that she has become eminent. Her works are quite numerous and widely known. One of the most famous is her "Horse Fair," which was the chief attraction of the Paris Exhibition in 1853. She is still practising her art; and in addition to that, she is the directress of a gratuitous "School of Design" for young girls. When Paris was besieged by the Prussians, the studio and residence of Rosa Bonheur were spared and respected, by special order of the Crown Prince. Auguste Bonheur, a younger sister of Rosa, and one of her pupils, has also gained a high reputation as an artist. She too, excels as a painter of animals.

A Laughing Chorus.

OH, such a commotion under the ground
When March called, "Ho, there! ho!"
Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,
Such whispering to and fro!
And, "Are you ready?" the Snow-drop asked;
"Tis time to start, you know."
"Almost, my dear," the Silla replied;
"I'll follow as soon as you go."
Then, Ha! ha! ha! a chorus came
Of laughter soft and low
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes, millions, beginning to grow.
"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus said,
"When I hear the bluebirds sing."
"And straight thereafter," Narcissus cried,
"My silver and gold I'll bring."
"And ere they are dulled," another spoke,
"The Hyacinth bells shall ring."
And the Violet only murmured, "I'm here,"
And sweet grew the air of spring.
Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
Of laughter soft and low
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes, millions, beginning to grow.
Oh! the pretty, brave things! through the coldest days,
Imprisoned in walls of brown,
They never lost heart, though the blast shrieked loud,
And the sleet and the hail came down;
But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress
Or fashioned her beautiful crown.
And now they are coming to brighten the world,
Still shadowed by winter's frown;
And well may they cheerily laugh, "Ha! ha!"
In a chorus soft and low,
The millions of flowers hid under the ground—
Yes, millions, beginning to grow.

—Harper's Young People.

How to Treat a Swindling Hackman.

The Commercial Bulletin relates the following anecdote, which conveys a useful hint as to how to deal with a swindling hackman:—

"There used to be at the Astor House a brisk, polite, gentlemanly little fellow at the office, named Blake, very popular with the guests at the house. We happened to be talking with him one evening, when there were but few present, when a gentleman came in, valise in hand, registered his name, and requested that his carriage fare might be paid to the driver who followed him. Mr. Blake, who recognized the guest as one accustomed to stop at the Astor, of course promptly acquiesced, threw out a half a dollar on the counter. This the driver refused with an oath. Mr. Blake, on learning that the passenger had been brought from the Philadelphia boat landing, about five minutes ride, instantly told the driver to take up his fare and begone. This was again refused with a volley of oaths, consigning the Astor House and all in it to the lowest depths of perdition, and threatening if a dollar was not paid, to thrash any man present, and Blake in particular.

A quiet smile illuminated the latter's face as he reached behind the counter; the snap of a bell-pull was heard, followed by a stroke of the bell itself. "Por-ta-r!"

Two of those athletic fellows, who are accustomed to walk off with ease with a heavy trunk on either shoulder up six flights of stairs, entered. "Sir."

"Take up that man and set him out on the sidewalk," said Blake, pointing to the driver, who was gyrating about in a sort of semi-war dance, striking his fists together, and defying everybody in general.

The two porters had been evidently well trained to obey orders, for without pause or question, the excited driver was lifted high in the air, with as little trouble as though he were but a fractious infant, his legs and arms sticking out promiscuously, and in less than a minute's time, he was deposited on the sidewalk in the street, from whence, probably deeming discretion the better part of valor, he did not return.

The Lawyer's Ode to Spring.

WHEREAS, on sundry boughs and sprays
Now divers birds are heard to sing;
And sundry flowers their heads upraise—
Hail to the coming on of spring!

The songs of the said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours,
As young and green as the said boughs,
As fresh and fair as the said flowers.
The birds aforesaid, happy pairs!
Love midst the aforesaid boughs enshrines
In household nests, themselves, their heirs,
Administrators and assigns.

O, busiest term of Cupid's court!
When tender plaintiffs actions bring;
Season of frolic and of sport,
Hail! as aforesaid, coming spring.

From Stories About Horses.

One very dark night, while a body of artillery, under the command of Captain Wallington of the British Army was on board a boat moored in the Tigris, the famous river in Asia, a horse fell from the boat, and was instantly swept out of sight. The first thing in the morning, the men took a long look over the plains on each side of the river, thinking that the horse may have succeeded in getting ashore. "See!" exclaimed some one—"there he is!" Sure enough, there the lucky animal was, grazing contentedly on a grass-patch in the midst of the low, scrub jungle. "Why," said another person, "there is a pig following him about!" "A pig!" exclaimed an officer, who had just brought a field-glass into use—"a pig! Why, it's a lion!" Instantly every one was up and watching. All the spyglasses in the command were turned toward the scene; and, as artillerymen are always well supplied with such aids to the eye, the lion and the horse were playing before as many lenses as though they had been actors in a theatre. The lion was stalking the horse as he would have stalked a deer. But the horse knew that the lion was a beast of prey, and even while he fed he kept a bright eye bent upon his enemy. In vain did the lion use all his cunning to creep along behind the bushes until he should get within springing distance. Once under his paws, the horse would be doomed, and those with good glasses could see how tensely drawn were the lion's muscles as he came twice and thrice within a score of yards of his prey. But just at the right moment the horse would throw his head up, as if saying, as he did so, "No, thank you, Mr. Lion; not this time. Good-morning!" and would then trot off to the next patch of grass. At last, however, the lion managed to get so near that he doubtless thought the time had come. With a bound he went through the air, and the spectators held their breath, fearing lest mincemeat was about to be made of the charger. But the horse, well shod with iron, met the attack with unexpected nimbleness and force. He gave the lion such a kick as to throw the beast back on his haunches. Then followed a remarkable fight. The lion went round and round the horse, which kept his heels in the direction of the enemy. Crouching, the lion would leap for the horse's rump; instantly the iron heels would flash in the sun, and the men on board the boat would cheer to see the lion hurled back on the grass. He kicked to the right and he kicked to the left—in fact, he kicked all around, until the lion, thoroughly beaten, vanished into the jungle whence he had come. —Golden Days.

"Are you in favor of enlarging the curriculum?" asked a rural school-director of a farmer in his district. "Enlarge nothing," replied the old gentleman; "the building's big enough; what we want is to teach more things to the scholars."

—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

They say those artificial eggs cannot be beaten.



Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

Geo. T. Angell, President, Samuel E. Sawyer, Vice President, Rev. Thomas Timmins, Secretary, Joseph L. Stevens, Treasurer.

Pledge.

"I will try to be kind to all HARMLESS living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean, "*Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All.*"

Band of Mercy Information.

We send without cost, to every person who asks, full information about our Bands of Mercy,—how to form, what to do, how to do it. To every Band formed in America of thirty or more, we send, also without cost, "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals," full of anecdote and instruction, our monthly paper, *OUR DUMB ANIMALS*, for one year, containing the best humane stories, poems, &c. Also a copy of "Band of Mercy" songs and hymns. To every American teacher who forms a Band of twenty or more, we send the above and a beautiful imitation gold badge pin.

All we require is simply signing our pledge: "I will try to be kind to all *harmless* living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, six cents. The twelve "Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole bound together in one pamphlet.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information

An Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

PARENT AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY.

Any boy, girl, man or woman can come to our offices, sign the above "Band of Mercy" pledge, and receive a beautifully-tinted paper certificate that the signer is a *Life Member* of the "Parent American Band of Mercy," and a "*Band of Mercy*" member of the *Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*, all without cost, or can write us that they wish to join, and by enclosing a two-cent return postage-stamp have names added to the list, and receive a similar certificate by mail. Those who wish the badge and large card of membership, can obtain them at the office by paying ten cents, or have them sent by mail by sending us, in postage stamps or otherwise, twelve cents.

Many of the most eminent men and women, not only of Massachusetts, but of the world, are members of the "Parent American Band."

Bands can obtain our membership certificates at ten cents a hundred.

New Bands of Mercy Formed by Mass. S. P. C. A.

THE AMERICAN TEACHERS' BANDS OF MERCY.

665. Elyria, Ohio.
5167. Little Friends Band.
P., Mack Leusler.
S., Clara Ray.
666. Cleveland, Ohio.
5168. Forget-Me-Not Band.
P., Gertrude Cammiff.
S., Alfred Williams.
667. Brooklyn, N. Y.
5169. P., Emma L. Fortune.
668. Charleston, West Va.
5170. Montafiore Band.
P., Bertha Mayer.
S., Theodore Peyser.
669. Manchester, Mich.
5171. P. & S., Minnie A. Perkins.
670. McClure, Pa.
5172. Pempence Band.
P., Arthur D. Snyder.
S., Amanda R. Lash.
671. Brooklyn, N. Y.
5173. Fairchild Band.
P. & S., Jean Versfelt.
672. Irving Park, Ill.
5175. Montrose School Band.
P., Clara Johnson.
S., Helen A. Rice.
673. Brooklyn, N. Y.
5176. Hope Band.
P. & S., A. M. Berriam.
674. Columbus, Neb.
5177. Charity Band.
P., & S., Zetta L. Dowty.
675. Cleveland, Ohio.
5178. Evergreen Band.
P. Mrs. Bertha Arndt.
S., Paul J. Arndt.
676. Lamb, Ill.
5179. Round Top School Band.
P. & S., Isaac H. Mason.
677. Cleveland, Ohio.
5180. Rainbow Band.
P., Freddie Fousel.
S., Katie Lemhagen.
678. Decota, Cal.
5181.
679. Princeton, Ill.
5184. P. & S., Carrie B. Lathrop.

OTHER BANDS.

5174. New Haven, Conn.
Clock Band of Mercy.
P., H. Rudolph.
V. P., Jos. F. McLoughlin.
S., J. W. White.
5182. New Orleans, La.
Punch Band of Mercy.
P., Warren Kearney.
S., Mr. Punch.
5183. Somerset Mills, Me.
P., Sidney A. Green.
S., Geo. N. Lamb.
5185. Fall River, Mass.
Unitarian Sunday School Band.
P., J. M. Aldrich, M. D.
S. & T., Florence Wady.

Definition.

"Mother," said a little girl, looking up from her book, "what does transatlantic mean?"

"Oh, across the Atlantic, of course. Do not bother me, or you make me forget my count."

"Does trans always mean across?"

"I suppose it does. If you don't stop bothering me with your questions you'll have to go to bed."

"Then, does trans-parent mean a cross parent?"

Ten minutes later she was resting on her little couch.

Ballata Italiana.

OF ALICIA'S BONNET.

PAST night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

I sat beside Alicia at the play;
Her violet eyes with tender tears were wet
(The diamonds in her ears less bright than they)
For pity of the woes of Juliet;
Alicia's sighs a poet might have set
To delicate music in a dainty sonnet.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

And yet to me her graceful ready words
Sounded like tinkling silver bells that jangled,
For on her golden hair the humming-birds
Were fixed as if within a sunbeam tangled,
Their quick life quenched, their tiny bodies mangled,
Poor pretty birds upon Alicia's bonnet.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

Caught in a net of delicate creamy crepe,
The dainty captives lay there dead together;
No dart of slender bill, no fragile shape
Fluttering, no stir of any radiant feather;
Alicia looked so calm, I wondered whether
She cared if birds were killed to trim her bonnet.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

Perhaps I dreamed—the house was very still—
But on a sudden the Academy
Of Music seemed a forest of Brazil;
Each pillar that supports the balcony
Took form and stature of a tropic tree,
With scarlet odorous flowers blooming on it.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

Like rain drops when the sun breaks up the shower,
Or weavers' shuttles carrying golden thread,
Or flying petals of a wind-blown flower,
Myriads of humming-birds flew overhead—
Purple and gold and green and blue and red—
Above each scarlet cup, or poised upon it.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

What rapid flight! Each one a winged flame,
Burning with brilliant joy of life and all
Delight of motion; to and fro they came,
An endless dance, a fairy festival;
Then suddenly I saw them pause and fall,
Slain only to adorn Alicia's bonnet.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

My mind came back from the Brazilian land;
For, as a snow-flake falls to earth beneath,
Alicia's hand fell lightly on my hand;
And yet I fancied that a stain of death,
Like that which doomed the Lady of Macbeth,
Was on her hand: could I perhaps have won it?

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

—Mrs. E. Cavazza, in Harper's Bazar.

What the Schools Need.

What the schools need is not more of arithmetic and grammar, but more of heart-culture,—aesthetic and moral training; less cramming and driving for per cents; more moral instruction. The world needs good men as well as good accountants and grammarians, and there is to-day less lack of intelligence than of public virtue and private fair-dealing, less lack of knowledge than of an inclination toward a nobler life,—a life of justice, kindness, and mercy.

—Dr. John B. Peaslee, Cincinnati.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, May, 1886.

THE AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY

Formed in our offices July 28, 1882, now has in the United States and Canada five thousand one hundred and eighty-one (5181) branches, with probably about four hundred thousand members.

APRIL DIRECTORS' MEETING

Was held on Wednesday, the 21st. President Angell reported that the Society had called upon the United States officials to prosecute the Fitchburg Railroad Company for cruelty in transportation of swine; that the Society's agents had recently discovered several cases of glanders in the stables of a large corporation, and taken measures to prevent the spread of the disease. The Society's hearings at the State House have resulted in an official decision by the Secretary of the Board of Education that it is the legal duty of all public school teachers in the State to teach kindness to the lower animals. By the generous donations of two of the Society's friends it would be able to distribute gratuitously at the annual meeting of the National Teachers' Association, to be held at Topeka, Kansas, many thousands of the Society's publications. About 4000 teachers are already registered to be there, and it is expected that about 8000 teachers will attend the meeting.

Our city agents have investigated 153 complaints of cruelty during the month and our county agents 866 during the last quarter.

There are now 5182 Bands of Mercy in the United States and Canada.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

To our kind contributors whose communications do not appear sometimes for months, and sometimes never, we would say, as we have before, that our paper is so small and only twelve a year, that we cannot print one article in fifty that comes to our table. We cannot use many, 1st, because they are too long; 2nd, because they contain thought or anecdote similar to what we have many times published, or have on hand waiting publication; 3d, because they contain something sectarian or otherwise objectionable; 4th, because they are written for very small children. The object of our paper is not money, but to accomplish the highest possible good. It seeks to reach and interest educators, clergymen, editors, writers, speakers,—men and women of financial or brain power. It wants to reach the sources of influence, and move the men and women who can move the world.

Some years ago we lectured to an audience filling the floor and galleries of one of the largest churches of Chicago, and received at the close a standing vote of thanks from the whole audience. We have never heard from that lecture since.

A few nights later we lectured in a dimly-lighted hall of that same city to a little audience of it may be forty persons, and at the close were introduced to Prof. Swing, who joined the Humane Society that night, and sometime later preached a sermon in its behalf, which has been widely published by the press, gone in pamphlet form around the world, and been read, very likely, by more than a hundred thousand people.

While we intend to have some things interesting to very little children, ours is not intended to be a child's paper, but a paper to be read—as it is read—by our judges and educators, the men who make our laws, and the men and women who control our systems of education and mould the characters of our children.

OUR WORK WITH THE LEGISLATURE.

THE DUTY OF EVERY MASSACHUSETTS TEACHER TO TEACH KINDNESS TO ANIMALS IN HIS OR HER SCHOOL.

The following, published widely in our Boston educational and daily papers, tells the story:

IMPORTANT TO TEACHERS. A MOST GRATIFYING DECISION AT THE STATE HOUSE.

The application of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for a law making it the duty of all teachers of public schools in the State to teach the protection of birds and their nests, and kindness to the lower animals, has resulted in the following most gratifying decision:

In the service of the Commonwealth, State Board of Education of Massachusetts. State House, Boston, April 10, 1886.

Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I am of the opinion that Section 15 of chapter 44 of the public statutes, requiring the teaching of humanity, universal benevolence, etc., makes it the legal as well as moral duty of every teacher in the Commonwealth to teach kindness towards the lower animals.

I am most sincerely yours,

J. W. DICKINSON,

Secretary of Mass. Board of Education.

In another letter received the same day, Secretary Dickinson writes, "*I heartily commend your noble work and shall take pleasure in aiding you in whatever way I may be able.*"

The above law specifies "*the President, Professors and tutors of the University at Cambridge, and of the several colleges, all preceptors and teachers of academies and other instructors of youth.*"

It is understood that the joint committee of the Senate and House, several of its members being lawyers, agree with the Secretary, that the above law makes it the legal duty of all teachers in Massachusetts, from the President of Harvard University to the primary, to instruct their pupils in kindness to the lower animals.

Kindly permit me to say through your columns that all Massachusetts teachers by addressing me, or calling at our offices, 19 Milk street, will be furnished by our Society full instructions without cost.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the Mass. Society P. C. Animals.

We take from the Boston Transcript of April 9th, 1886, the following report of the hearing which led to this decision.

Anti-Cruelty in the Public Schools.

THE EFFORT TO PUT THE TEACHING OF HUMANITY INTO THE SCHOOLS.

At the hearing before the Committee on Education, Wednesday, on petition of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for a law requiring the protection of birds and kindness to the lower animals, to be taught under direction of the respective school committees in the public schools of Massachusetts, Mr. Angell presented the petitions of the clergy of all the Protestant denominations, also the letter from Archbishop Williams, also the petitions of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society and the leading farmers of Massachusetts and a number of

letters from influential citizens, including William E. Sheldon, editor of the *American Teacher*, and Secretary of the National Teachers' Association; Frank B. Sanborn, inspector of public charities; Probate Judge George White and the venerable and Hon. Marshall P. Wilder.

Hon. Charles Flint, for many years President of our School Board, Hon. T. W. Bicknell of the *Journal of Education* and Quincy E. Dickerman, Principal of the Brimmer School, all addressed the committee in favor of the law.

We think it will give great pleasure to our friends through the State and elsewhere to know that a law of Massachusetts requires every teacher in the State to teach kindness to the lower animals, and that the distinguished executive head of public school education in the State pledges himself to do everything in his power to promote this teaching in our schools.

When the schools come together in the fall, we hope and intend to furnish every public school teacher in Massachusetts, without cost, "*Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals*," "*Band of Mercy*" information, and a copy of this paper.

THE NEW YORK SOCIETY.

Many persons in the United States suppose that Mr. Bergh's Society, which, being the first formed, he named "American," includes all others, and that money given to his Society is given to all. Now as his Society has already over a million of dollars, we think it ought to be known, wherever other State Societies exist that they are all independent organizations, having no connection whatever with the New York Society, and that money given to the New York Society in no way helps Societies in other States, many of which are prevented from doing most important work by want of funds.

WISCONSIN.

We have a beautiful and valuable report for 1885-86 of the Wisconsin Society—87 pages. This Society has three aims—prevention of cruelty to animals, cruelty to children, and cruelty to defective and dependent persons.

Rev. G. E. Gordon is President, Mrs. G. E. Gordon Secretary, and Samuel Marshall, Treasurer.

Its receipts last year, \$2,987.65; expenses, \$3,201.60. Assets, cash, \$137; ambulance, \$101; furniture and barn, \$382; total, \$766.37. It investigated last year 130 complaints of cruelty to animals, and convicted 16 persons. It investigated 699 complaints of cruelty to persons. Unquestionably it has done lots of good work, and unquestionably it needs more money.

CONNECTICUT.

We are glad to read in the fifth annual report of the Connecticut Humane Society the interesting reports of President Rodney Dennis, Secretary Henry W. Taylor, and General Agent D. W. Thrall. The Society has dealt with 299 cases of cruelty to human beings, and 3,433 to animals, of which 57 were prosecuted. The Society has received during the year \$5,611.81 and expended \$5,333.79, and has a balance on hand of \$399.76, which we hope may be increased by wealthy citizens of Connecticut a hundred fold. We were present when this Society was born, and have watched its growth and usefulness with increased interest and satisfaction.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

We have the annual (1885) report of the New Hampshire State Society containing address of President Marvin and statistics given in January "O. D. A." The Society now has in its permanent fund, of which Mrs. John J. Pickering and others are trustees, \$2,174.43. President Marvin has done good service during the year, and has twenty local agents scattered through the State.

A Dog's Devotion.

[MARGARET J. PRESTON, IN YOUTH'S COMPANION.]

On the morning of which I speak, the whole cavalcade, hunters, horses, baggage-wagons, servants and many packs of hounds, were gathered together in our stableyard, awaiting the signal for starting. Horns were sounding, dogs were baying, guns were clattering, eager hunters were laughing and talking, and a general excitement was over all the establishment. Fritz's spirits were extremely high. He sprang up a dozen times and kissed his master's riding-horse, brought his master his whip and boots, and seemed fairly beside himself with joy. But Fritz was not to be of the hunting party. On the mountains he was out of his element, and only marred the sport; so he was to be left at home. But his master could not bear to tell him this, and determined not to start with the party, but make a detour and slip away unperceived. Consequently he had his horse led round to the front gate of the house, intending to mount there, but Fritz was so alert and vigilant that it was impossible to elude his watchfulness. So his master took him aside, and said in a low but impressive tone of voice: "Fritz, you are not to go with me." If the dog had been shot, I think he could scarcely have fallen to the ground more suddenly, as if deprived of life. It was at the end of a long hall, that commanded the front door and front gate, where the dog had dropped. His master patted him affectionately, passed on and mounted his horse, but Fritz no more moved than if he were dead. His master called to him: "Good-by Fritz!" but he lay motionless. The household gathered about him, and tried to comfort him.

"Look up, Fritz!" I said. "See! your master is speaking to you," but he buried his face between his paws and seemed not to hear.

When some one said, "Papa is gone," a low moan burst from the dog, and this finally became a sobbing cry, which did not cease until after mid-day. It was one of the most piteous sounds I ever heard. We soothed and caressed him, and brought him delicacies we knew he liked, but he was dead to our comfortings, and refused all food, until as night drew on, we began to grow a little superstitious, lest the dog's grief should presage some harm to the master. The next day, however, he grew more reconciled, but only recovered his spirits upon the return of his master, whom he was ready to devour with joy.

At St. Michael's, Md., a gentleman swung a hammock in his back yard, where his horse was allowed to graze. He spent much time in the hammock, and on going to it Sunday morning found that the horse had usurped his place, and was quietly enjoying a siesta. It was necessary to cut the hammock down in order to get the animal out.

From Channing's Memoirs.

Thanks to my stars, I can say I have never killed a bird. I would not crush the meanest insect that crawls upon the ground. They have the same right to life that I have, they received it from the same Father, and I will not mar the works of God by wanton cruelty.

I can remember an incident in my childhood, which has given a turn to my whole life and character. I found a nest of birds in my father's field, which held four young ones. They had no down when I first discovered them. They opened their little mouths as if they were hungry, and I gave them some crumbs which were in my pocket. Every day I returned to feed them. As soon as school was done, I would run home for some bread, and sit by the nest to see them eat, for an hour at a time. They were now feathered and almost ready to fly. When I came one morning I found them all cut up into quarters. The grass round the nest was red with blood. The little limbs were raw and bloody. The mother was on the tree and the father on the wall, mourning for their young.



GOOD SOCIETY.

The Aristocratic Milkmen of Harrisburg.

But the real aristocrats are the milkmen, says a correspondent writing from Harrisburg, Pa. They do not stoop to deliver their fluid in the kitchens of their customers, but drive about in close covered carriages with glass sides and fronts and announce their august presence by hand bells or bugles. The customer hastens to the wagon with picher in hand and meekly receives his allowance of milk, which is drawn from a huge tank in front of his majesty, who never leaves his seat. In cold weather he has a little stove in his wagon with a funnel protruding through the roof, and no breath of cold air is allowed to strike his person unless it strikes him through the little opening in front which is allowed for the reins. The Harrisburg parent stimulates his son to perseverance in well doing by holding up before him the possibility that he may some day be a milkman.

We take the following from Atlanta, Ga., *Constitution* of April 8.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., April 7.—Little Dillie Welsh is the four-year-old daughter of Yardmaster J. L. Welsh, of the Louisville and Nashville railroad. She is bright and a general favorite. Her father keeps a Jersey cow, which has a calf. The calf and little Dillie have formed a mutual affection.

In the adjoining lot to Mr. Welsh is a mineral well, owned by Mr. Swope, which has a low opening, and a child can stand and look over it. A few days ago Dillie and her calf were playing near the well when the little girl went too near. She crawled up and was looking over, when the calf came up and held onto her dress with his teeth. She lost her balance and fell over in the mouth of the well. The calf held on to the child's clothes while she was suspended in the air over the water. If the animal had let go the dress, the child would have been drowned. The child was rescued by a servant, and the calf was happy.

PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL REPORT.

1885-6.

During the past year our Society has received from various sources the sum of \$17,032.56 of which \$3,000 is given to our permanent fund, the interest only to be used. Our expenses were \$12,265.31. Our officers have dealt with 4,702 cases of cruelty.

We have moved to new and much better offices, which, through the kindness of one of our directors and also of the owner of the building, come to us at a very reasonable rent.

We have offered prizes for convictions of violation of laws for the protection of our insect-eating and song-birds.

We have voted to appoint paid agents in all cities and towns of the Commonwealth, where money shall be raised for the purpose.

We have largely increased the circulation of our humane literature and have formed by correspondence new "Bands of Mercy" in the following thirty-five states and territories, also in Canada; *Arkansas, California, Connecticut, Dakota, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Missouri, Mississippi, Minnesota, Michigan, Massachusetts, Maryland, New Hampshire, Nebraska, New Jersey, North Carolina, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia, Wyoming, Wisconsin*, (35). Most, and perhaps all these "Bands," are live, working organizations. From the Parent American Band formed in our office July 28, 1882 have sprung in less than four years more than five thousand branches, with probably nearly four hundred thousand members.

The work of your President, tho' voluntary, is the work of the Society. The beginning of the year found him in New Orleans, where he gave, in addition to those previously given, various lectures and addresses, distributed, in addition to previous distributions, several thousand copies of humane publications, and was present to help form the *Louisiana Society P. C. Animals*. Then he went to Florida and announced in the various Jacksonville papers that he was there to aid in forming societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. He gave lectures and addresses at Jacksonville in three churches, Library Hall, and various schools, wrote articles for the press, talked with many leading citizens, and helped form the *Florida State Society P. C. A.*, also Bands of Mercy in all the principal schools. At St. Augustine he gave two addresses in one of the churches and helped form the *St. Augustine Society*. He was greatly aided by Miss Sarah B. Hills, of New York city, who responded promptly to his appeals through the papers. He reached home about the first of May and resumed the editorial management of "OUR DUMB ANIMALS" which had been ably conducted during his absence by the Secretary.

On September 9th, the Boston School Committee by unanimous vote authorized him to address all the public schools of Boston, each one hour, on kindness to animals. These addresses he began Oct. 12th and has continued, as he could find time from other duties. He has thus far addressed forty-seven schools numbering between 20,000 and 30,000 pupils. Perhaps no better testimonial could possibly have been given to the popularity of our Society than that the School Committee of Boston, elected from all parts of the city and representing so many diverse forms of political, religious, and educational thought, should, upon receipt of our application, have suspended its rules requiring such business to go to a second meeting, and by unanimous vote authorized, for the first time I believe in the history of the city, an outside gentleman to address every public school one hour. So far as my knowledge goes, Boston is the first city in the world in which an address of this kind and length upon our subject has ever been authorized, and much credit is due to the Superintendent of public schools and the Head Masters for their most cordial and friendly interest.

On Oct. 18th, your President addressed a large union meeting of churches at Manchester, N. H., and on Jan. 17, a similar meeting at Dover, N. H.; also in the morning the large Roman Catholic Sunday School, the largest in the city, the entire time of the Sunday School being kindly given by the Rev. Father Murphy.

At the Directors' meeting, February 17th, he submitted a vote to petition the Legislature of Massachusetts to enact

a law making it the duty of all teachers of public schools in this Commonwealth to teach their children to protect insect-eating birds and their nests and to treat the lower animals kindly. Under this petition he drafted an act, and has appeared three times before a committee of the Legislature. In aid of it he has addressed personally the *Congregationalist, Baptist, Episcopal, and Unitarian* clergy of the city, and by letter the *Methodist and Universalist*. He has also addressed personally the "*Mass. Horticultural Society*" and the large meeting of *Massachusetts farmers* held weekly at Mass. Ploughman Hall. From all these bodies he has obtained unanimous resolutions and petitions asking the Legislature to enact the law. The *Roman Catholic Archbishop*, also in answer to a letter from your President, has kindly written that he will gladly assist our petition. *It looks now as though the proposed law would pass and become the first of its kind in the world.*

NEW WORK.

With the enactment of the proposed law it will become our duty to supply all the teachers of the Commonwealth with the necessary instructions and humane literature.

It will be also our duty to endeavor so far as possible to secure in other Mass. cities and larger towns subscriptions to support paid agents to enforce the law in their respective localities, and to kill old and disabled animals mercifully.

Our Boston agents are constantly and faithfully employed in the vicinity of this city, and while our unpaid agents through the State do voluntarily and most generously a great deal, we cannot expect them to do without compensation one tenth of what ought to be done. We have great reason to be thankful for the wonderful progress our work has already made in this State and the good it has done. *But there is not a city, or country town even, in which much more is not needed.*

And then if we can get any surplus of funds, what a vast field of humane labor lies before us in other parts of this country! We could send our missionaries to found societies in every State and Territory where they are needed, carry humane education and publications into every school, employ agents to travel over our great lines of railroad where hundreds of thousands of animals die every year in transportation, and present to the officers of the roads and to the public facts which would arouse public opinion and stop the cruelty. We could employ other agents to visit the great western plains where hundreds of thousands of animals die every winter of neglect and starvation, and make the doing and permitting of such things as infamous as piracy, murder, or the slave trade. We could employ other agents to visit those slaughter-houses where millions are killed every year with great and unnecessary cruelty, and introduce more merciful methods of killing.

If we only had the means, all these things would be as practical as the building of churches or the establishing of hospitals. And then the vast good that would come from all these things, and particularly from a general humane education, not only to dumb, but human beings,—the prevention of crime,—the prevention of wars,—the principle of kindness taught in every school,—the happiness brought by such teachings into the whole future lives of the millions so taught.

We have lost during the year by death two of our Vice-Presidents, Hon. John D. Philbrick and Mr. John Langdon Sibley, Librarian Emeritus of Harvard University, also two of our directors, Mr. Henry P. Kidder and Mr. Robert K. Darrah.

All these gentlemen rendered us valuable service during their life-times. Mr. Sibley left to our permanent fund the sum of two thousand dollars, and Mr. Darrah three thousand dollars in addition to the seven thousand already given by his deceased wife whose portrait looks down upon us at each monthly meeting.

If, as some think, we are in the next life conscious of the good we have been permitted to do in this and also the results we have helped to obtain, it must be a source of great happiness to our deceased friends and others like them that their generous contributions are bringing additional protection and kindness to those for whom until within a few years, on this whole continent, there was not one effective law nor one man to plead their cause. If it gives us happiness in this life to relieve suffering, is it not reasonable to suppose the remembrance of it will give us happiness in

the next? Is it unreasonable to think that God's lower creatures may come within the meaning of those words—*"When saw we thee an hungered and fed thee, or thirsty and gave thee drink?" "And the King shall answer and say unto them, 'inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it also unto me.'"*

GEORGE T. ANGELL.

BOSTON, March 30, 1886.

PHILADELPHIA.

We have received the third annual report of the American Society for the Restriction of Vivisection. It shows good work in bringing this important matter to the attention of physicians and the public, and will be kept on our public table for the use of all.

VOICES FOR THE SPEECHLESS.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have issued another edition of poem and prose selections relating to animals, by Mr. A. Firth, our former Secretary. The volume now has 377 pages, about 128 having been added. Many of these selections have appeared in this paper, and no one who is fond of animals can fail to find in this volume much of interest. We wish it a large circulation in schools and homes.

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

We are indebted to "*Youth's Instructor*," Battle Creek, Michigan, for two of the beautiful cuts used in this number, "*May*," and "*Good Society*."

REV. MR. TIMMINS.

We are glad to learn from Rev. Mr. Timmins and Portsmouth, England, papers, of his success in that city, where he formerly preached. He has formed there 94 Bands of Mercy in schools and elsewhere, with about 18,000 members. He goes next to the north of England to start the good work there.

ST. PETERSBURGH, RUSSIA.

We are pleased to receive the *St. Petersburg Gazette* of the March 27th, containing in full our little pamphlet on the check rein. If we remember rightly, it has been also published in French, Spanish, German, and perhaps other languages, and has travelled a good deal farther than we ever anticipated.

OHIO.

The last number of *The Humane Educator*, of Cincinnati, comes to us full of the brave work doing in that noble State. As we read, it almost seems as though we heard the call of a bugle telling us the battle is on, and calling upon all true-hearted men and women to take part.

One Specimen of the Letters we Like.

Somerset County, Maine,

SKOWHEGAN, April 13, 1886.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

Dear Sir:—

Your package containing samples of Band of Mercy Badges and other helps, has been received. We have 11 district schools in this town, with an average attendance of 700 children, many of them Catholics. I visited all of the schools yesterday in the interests of temperance and "Band of Mercy" work, and will get an organization in every school.

I would like you to send me 25 Band of Mercy Roll Books and 500 tinted slips of membership. As soon as we have each school under their teacher classified and enrolled we will send the lists to you that you may send teachers, badges, papers, leaflets, and so forth, for each school.

I am intending to visit each school throughout the county. If school committees consent, and organize in each school I shall visit—if this proves satisfactory in this county we shall have a basis for State work. *This movement meets the approbation of citizens, the parents, teachers and school committees in this town*, and we hope to be as successful in others. In the smaller towns we shall form adult societies as well as children.

Enclosed please find \$1.50 for Pledge Books. Be as liberal with us as possible, as we have no funds behind us to aid this work in State or county.

Yours with respect,

MISS I. C. HAMILTON,

State Organizer Maine Women's Christian Temp. Union.

For Sale, A Donkey.

Poor Tom Darton was left an orphan in a large town in England, before he was twelve years old. Few had been his joys, for his parents had been so poor that they could not even keep him well clad. But Tom had one good friend in Ned the donkey.

Ned would do anything he could for Tom. Other persons might beat Ned till the blood came, and he would not stir; but if Tom said, "Come, Ned, I am in a hurry—get up," Ned would start off and do his best.

And now Tom was so poor that he and Ned would have to part. Tom must take him to the horse-market, and sell him for the most he could get. Sadly did Tom lean on Ned's neck and pour out his griefs. Ned seemed to know that his poor master was grieving, for he put his head round as if to comfort him.

The next day Tom led Ned to the horse-mart. After he had waited some time, a gentleman came up and said, "What is the price of your donkey, my lad?"

"I ought to get about three guineas for him," said Tom.

"My name is Gray," said the gentleman; "I want a good-tempered donkey for my little girl to ride at the sea-side. Are you sure that this one is safe and kind?"

"Treat him well, and he will return love for love, I think," said Tom. "But if you beat him, he will show temper."

Then Mr. Gray questioned Tom, and learned that he was an orphan; that he knew how to read and write, but was very poor; that of the three guineas he hoped to get for the donkey, he owed half to the baker for bread.

"I will buy your donkey," said Mr. Gray. "Lead him along and follow me."

Tom followed till they both stopped before a shop where ready-made clothing was sold.

"Will your donkey stand still when you are not by?" asked Mr. Gray.

"Oh, yes," said Tom. "He minds me well." "Then come with me into this shop," said Mr. Gray.

Tom obeyed, and Mr. Gray said to the shopkeeper: "Fit this lad out with a good suit of clothes."

The tears came to Tom's eyes. He could only seize Mr. Gray's hand and kiss it.

"No nonsense, my lad," said Mr. Gray. "I can tell a good fellow when I see him. I saw by your kindness to the donkey what sort of a boy you are. I want you to take care of the donkey, and lead him about for my little Bessie. You shall go to the seaside with us. Your wages shall be ten shillings a week."

"And I owe this good luck to poor old Ned!" said Tom.

—Uncle Charles.

"That Bird Will Never Sing Again."

A gentleman riding with his family in the country sometime since saw a beautiful bird. His son, about four years old, noticed it, and watched it with great interest. The father thought he would gratify him still more by a nearer view of its plumage, and leaving the carriage, raised his gun and shot it.

The little boy, his eyes swimming in tears, exclaimed, "Father, that bird will never sing again!"

The father says that since that he has never had the heart to shoot a bird.

—Exchange.



FOR SALE, A DONKEY.

Fall River, Mass.

From the interesting programme of "Band of Mercy" celebration at Fall River, Sunday, April 18, we take the following original "Band of Mercy" hymn, by Rev. A. Judson Rich.

Tune, We'll.

A brighter day is dawning—
Religion's holy light
Is pouring its effulgence
O'er Error's lengthened night;
Humanity's broad mantle
Falls tenderly on all
God's humbler, helpless creatures,
With love's embracing thrall.

The good man owns as kindred
All beings he may bless,
Defends them from injustice,
Is pained with their distress;
He feels that life is sacred
In man, or beast, or bird,
And that one God is Father
Of child and flock and herd.

O Brothers, let compassion
Our pledge and banner be;
The sacred laws of kindness,
Shield all from injury:
And thou, O Father, help us
In deeds of love to live;
And to this "Band of Mercy"
Thy benediction give!

A Sacramento car horse which died last week, had become so well acquainted with some of the regular patrons of the road that when they were aboard the car he would stop in front of their residence to let them off without any hint from the driver.

—San Francisco Alta.

*Happy Thoughts.**HORSE AND MAN.*

The following "Happy Thoughts" are produced by Rev. J. G. Wood:

The Creator has taken the greatest care to make the whole hoof as light as possible. "Happy thought," says man. "Let us hang a pound or so on each hoof, and make the horse waste his strength in lifting it."

He has made the wall exceedingly strong. "Happy thought! Let us weaken it by cutting it away."

He has made this wall nearly as hard as iron. "Happy thought! Let us soften it by 'stopping'."

He has furnished the hoof with an elastic pad called the "frog," so as to prevent any jar when the horse steps. "Happy thought! Let us cut away the pad and make the horse's weight come upon a ring of iron."

Again, the sole of the hoof has been archwise of successive layers of exceedingly hard horn. It bids defiance to hard and sharp-edged objects.

So the soul inspires man with another happy thought. "Let us pare it so thin that it not only cannot resist the pressure of the horse's weight upon a stone, but yield to the pressure of the human thumb."

The coronary ring, from which the fibres of the wall are secreted, is guarded by a pent-house of hair which causes wet to shoot off as it does from the eaves of a house. "Happy thought! Let us snip away the hair, and let the water make its way into the coronary ring."

So, after working his sweet will upon the hoof, man wonders at its weakness, and lays down the stupid axiom that "one horse can wear out four sets of legs," which is equivalent to saying that the Creator did not know how to make a horse.

When the Birds Wake Up.

An enthusiastic ornithologist has amused himself by investigating the question at what hour in summer the commonest small birds wake up and sing. He says:—The greenfinch is the earliest riser, as it pipes as early as half-past one in the morning. At about half-past two the blackcap begins, and the quail apparently awakes up half an hour later. It is nearly four o'clock, and the sun is well above the horizon before the real songster appears in the person of the blackbird. He is heard half an hour before the thrush, and the chirp of the robin begins about the same length of time before that of the wren. Finally the house sparrow and the tomtit occupy the last place on the list. This investigation has altogether ruined the lark's reputation for early rising. That much-celebrated bird is quite a sluggard, as it does not rise till long after chaffinches, linnets, and a number of hedgerow birds have been up and about for some time.

A Brave Hen.

Mr. Stirling is the possessor of a remarkable hen, and relates the following: She had a brood of chickens, and a colony of rats commenced a system of plunder.

The hen stood the massacre for a day or two, but one morning as a sleek rat, grown insolent, stalked along in the neighborhood of a chicken, she flew at him, caught him by the back, and carrying him to a tub full of water, dropped him in with a revengeful "cluck." The rat was drowned.

—San Francisco Post.

Make few promises.
Always speak the truth.

Our Birds.

Rev. G. E. Gordon, President of American Humane Society, makes to a reporter of the New York Mail the following important statements:

"The few birds! Do you mean to say that the greater part of our birds have already been destroyed?"

"I do mean just that. For the past three years and a half there has been such a demand for birds for decorative purposes that some kinds are nearly or quite extinct, while the shores, woods, orchards, fields and pastures which were once so full of birds, are desolate, denuded, mute; the birds destroyed and lost to us for many years to come."

"What do you mean by 'for many years to come'?"

"I mean that three generations of men will pass away before the birds can be restored to the number and condition of four years ago, before the women of this country caused their most wanton and cruel destruction. Go into the old pastures, the orchards, the meadows, and see for yourselves. They are desolated, are like gardens without flowers, or the sky without sun, moon or stars. And all for what? Let the women answer."

"But surely you do not mean to say that the women knew what they were doing?"

"Knew! Of course they did not know where the miserable fashion would lead; they never thought of that. But none the less the evil has been done, and can't be undone during the lifetime of any one now alive. But from this time forward the plea of ignorance of consequences cannot be urged. The loss of the birds which are insectivorous has already caused a quite appreciable loss on the farmers' crops and we are destined to see a plague of insect life, so great as to entail important commercial consequences to the country at large. Nothing but birds can regulate the increase of insects and keep it within bounds, and to destroy the birds, as we have done, is a crime of the highest order against society and will cause loss and waste incalculable."

"But are not men also to blame?"

"Yes, in a limited but marked degree. Every time your New York or your Boston or your Philadelphia gourmand eats his dish of reedbird on toast he eats, under its winter name, the bobolink, the skylark of America, the most glorious songster of our northern meadows and the best friend the farmer has among the feathered tribes. What a shame it is. Yet I suppose that our American gentlemen of culture have felt indignation when they read in their college days of the wanton profligates of the ancient world, who gave suppers and provided their guests with dishes of nightingales' tongues. We give suppers and provide dishes of bobolinks, and what makes a difference between us and the others? Think of eating two dozen of such creatures of joy and music and superficial attraction on toast. The barbarism of it all is too great for words."

"The more so that, just now, when reedbirds (bobolinks) are in season at the restaurants, the season of mating and nesting is close at hand, so that we kill off the music and gladness of a hundred summers to come, and serve on toast."

"Is the fashion declining?"

"It is changing rather than declining. I regret to say that it is reported that the Parisians are to wear more birds on their dresses than ever, and want canaries. Great heavens! It seems like a decree of his late Majesty, the King of Dahomey, that people should appear in court with a decoration composed of the teeth of maidens and children."

"So we must wear canaries, I suppose, and fools will be found who will emulate an English nobleman (?) and send to their sweethearts 500 or 600 of God's most beautiful and delicate creatures, to be used as a trimming for gowns!"

It's the little things that tell — especially the little brothers and sisters.

—Burlington Free Press.

A True Picture.

"THE SHAME OF AMERICA."

A book was published some years ago entitled, if we remember rightly, "The Glory and Shame of England."

All our newspapers are glad to publish the "Glory of America." We ask them all to publish the "Shame of America," as truly represented in the following, written by a Colorado gentleman to the New York Tribune:—

"Our Western Cattle Kings" looks very well in print, and raising cattle on the plains, where one has but to brand his calves and round up the fat cattle for the market in the fall seems a very fine and worthy business. But a closer inspection changes one's opinion, and half a year's residence in this country is calculated to convince him that a less "kingly" business it would be difficult to find anywhere.

Late last summer a large number of Texas cattle, most of them yearlings and two-year-olds, were turned loose on this range. They had been held in quarantine at the State line and were very poor; consequently, when the cold weather came on they were thin in flesh, unacclimated, and utterly unable to live through a Northern winter. Within the ten days immediately preceding this writing—January 17—not less than 25 per cent. of these "dogers," as they are called, have starved and frozen to death. Nor are the "dogers" alone dying. During the severe storm of the 7th three Shorthorn cows died near the stacks of a field into which the cattle had broken as they drifted before the storm. After the storm there were found in two fields which together inclose about one square mile, forty-three dead cattle. In another smaller pasture were twenty-five. This is a partial record of one storm, the first of the season. Is it strange that a somewhat notorious sharper of Denver said: "I may be a thief and a rascal, but I've never been mean enough to go into the cattle business and starve to death dumb brutes that are incapable of protecting themselves!"

We call this a civilized country. Is that country civilized wherein men are allowed to turn dumb animals loose on a range, knowing that not less than two, and from that to ten, twenty, fifty, out of every hundred must starve or freeze to death? My Eastern friend, suppose that a farmer near you turned into an open field a hundred head of cattle. Suppose that he threw into that field at the beginning of winter just what hay would keep them alive until spring if they shared equally. Then suppose he left them there—to get water, if they could, or eat snow; the strong ones to monopolize the feed and the weaker to starve; and each morning as you went to your work, suppose you had to pass this man's field; to hear the lowing of his starving cattle, to see their thin, shivering forms huddled together under some bank, trying to escape the biting blast, some with their hind feet frozen to the hock and beginning to rot off, and down by the water-hole a few that had slipped on the ice and were too weak to get up, already stiff in death or slowly freezing.

My brothers, East and West, is it right for any man to own cattle that he cannot keep from starving and freezing? I call upon the lawmakers of the Nation to make laws which shall stop this heartless slaughter. I call upon the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and upon all humane men and women, to speak out in denunciation of this most barbarous business, to raise their voices for these dumb sufferers, and blot from this civilized Christian Nation this most savage and heathenish abuse.

[Again we say, as we have said before, we wish we had a million of dollars—we would fill every newspaper in this country with facts gathered by our agents, and stop this abominable cruelty, or make cattle raising on the plains as infamous as piracy and murder.

EDITOR.]

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

A Kitten's Spinning Lesson.

By E. CAVAZZA.

WHEN the early darkening of the day calls the happy groups of children in, When the firelight and the shadows play As the crackling beech-logs burn away— That's the hour when kittens learn to spin.

If, when pussy-cat begins to purr, You will listen, you will hear and feel As your ear lies close against her fur, Something like a humming-bird a-whirr— That's the sound of pussy's spinning-wheel.

Then the pussy moves her velvet paws Back and forward softly, to and fro; In and out again her cunning claws Busily and skillfully she draws— Kitty cards her wool for spinning so.

Once upon a time (as stories run) Mrs. Tabby Tortoise did begin To instruct her kit, a little one Gray and white and full of frisk and fun, How to card the wool and how to spin.

Kit was careless, kit was fond of play, Liked to pat her mother's ears, and pull At her tail that long and tempting lay "What's the use for me to learn to-day, When you know we have not any wool?"

"Kittens learn to spin," her mother said, "Even though they have no wool at all; Turn the little wheel without a thread—" (From the gray clouds gathered overhead Then the soft white snow began to fall.)

Mrs. Tabby soon was fast asleep; Through the window Kitty saw the flakes Drifting in a lovely fluff heap; "There's the wool for me to spin—I'll keep Hard at work to learn, till mother wakes."

Little paws went lightly to and fro, Kitty's busy wheel went round and round; Soon it sounded softer and more slow, As it will when drowsy kittens go Into Dreamland's dim enchanted ground.

Tender-hearted Fanny from the cold Covered cat and kitten with her shawl; And the story furthermore is told That when Kitty awakened to behold The soft wool, she thought she'd spun it all!

Surely Mrs. Tabby Tortoise knew Kittens cannot spin a shawl from snow— (It was pretty, plaids of white and blue.) "Yet," she said, perhaps it may be true, Mine's a very gifted kit, I know."

That's the way that tiny little bits Of work done, seem much in mothers' eyes; So it is that girls and boys and kits, Using well their tiny little wits, Give their parents pleasure and surprise.

Still, 'tis safe to say, from fleece of snow Warm spun shawls of wool we may not win, But when pussy's paws move to and fro And we hear her purr—we always know Kitty's learning how to card and spin.

The Largest Circulation.

The paper with the largest circulation in the world is the *Petit Journal*, of Paris. It now circulates 750,000 copies per day.

There's some appropriateness in speaking of a lady's bonnet as "just killing," in these days. It is chiefly made up of dead birds.

If you wait to do a deal of good you won't do any.

George and Sam.

We are glad to present to our readers the above portraits of Master George Nickerson, of Boston, born May, 1882, and his dog Sam, born the same month, and this is what George's father writes us. "George and Sam are of the same age, both being born in May, 1882. They have been constant companions, and are inseparable. Sam has won at bench-shows sixteen first prizes. He retired from exhibition last year and will hereafter attend to his little master.

Yours very truly,

J. A. NICKERSON."

Officers of the Society.

President.

GEORGE T. ANGELL, Boston.

Vice-Presidents.

His Excellency the Governor and one hundred others through the State.

Directors.

George T. Angell, Mrs. Wm. Appleton, George Noyes, Dr. D. D. Slade, Russell Sturgis, Jr., Henry S. Russell, William H. Baldwin, C. J. F. Bryant, Samuel E. Sawyer, Miss Florence Lyman, Mrs. Samuel C. Cobb, J. Murray Forbes, Daniel Needham, Henry B. Hill, J. Boyle O'Reilly, Nathan Appleton, Mrs. R. T. Paine, Miss Alice Russell, Thomas W. Bicknell, Percival L. Everett, Augustus Hemenway, Benjamin P. Ware, David Nevins, Charles F. Donnelly, Mrs. Henry K. Horton, J. Frank Wadleigh.

Secretary.—Joseph L. Stevens.

Treasurer.—Charles Fairchild.

Finance Committee.—J. Murray Forbes, George Noyes, Mrs. William Appleton, Daniel Needham.

Committee on Legislation, Transportation and Slaughtering.—Thomas W. Bicknell, Mrs. William Appleton, J. Murray Forbes, Augustus Hemenway, Henry B. Hill, Miss Florence Lyman, Dr. D. D. Slade.

On Officers and Prosecutions.—Samuel E. Sawyer, Henry B. Hill, George Noyes, Benjamin P. Ware.

On Humane Education, Publications and Prizes.—George Noyes, Mrs. William Appleton, Nathan Appleton, Thomas W. Bicknell, Mrs. Samuel C. Cobb, J. Boyle O'Reilly.

Trustees of Permanent Fund.—Samuel E. Sawyer, Samuel C. Cobb, George T. Angell.

Auditors.—Samuel E. Sawyer, William H. Baldwin.

Counselor.—William Minot, Jr.

Prosecuting Agents at Boston Offices.—Charles A. Currier, Thomas Langlan, Lemuel B. Burrill.

Clerk at Society's Office.—Francis S. Dyer.

The Society has about 500 agents throughout the State who report quarterly.

Cases Reported at Office in March.

For beating, 13; overworking and overloading, 11; overdriving, 4; driving when lame or galled, 42; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 19; torturing, 15; driving when diseased, 6; general cruelty, 43.

Total, 153.

Disposed of as follows, viz: Remedied without prosecution, 44; warnings issued, 52; not found, 11; not substantiated, 30; anonymous, 5; prosecuted, 11; convicted, 9. No. 182, pending in January report, since disposed of: party convicted.

Animals taken from work, 23; horses and other animals killed, 47. FINES.

From Justices' Courts.—Winchendon, \$10.

District Courts.—Northampton, \$2; Quincy, \$5; North Adams, \$15; Abington, \$5; Malden, \$10.

Municipal Court.—Roxbury District, \$5.

Witness fees, \$7.25.

Total \$59.25.

By COUNTRY AGENTS, FIRST QUARTER, 1886.

For beating, 61; overloading, 86; overdriving, 41; driving when lame or galled, 172; driving when diseased, 32; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 202; torturing, 16; abandoning, 16; general cruelty, 240.

Total, 866.

Disposed of as follows, viz: Remedied without prosecution, 828; not substantiated, 29; prosecuted, 9; convicted, 7.

Animals taken from work, 60; killed, 57.



GEORGE AND SAM.

Receipts at the Society's Offices in March.

FROM MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Alex. Mosley, \$25; Mrs. R. T. Paine, \$25; D. B. Wesson, \$25; Prof. O. R. Gleason, \$35.50; Dr. Geo. Faulkner, \$20; Mrs. Geo. Faulkner, \$20.

TEN DOLLARS EACH.

Mrs. M. A. Vincent, Mrs. Jno. W. James, Hannah Meriam, Rev. and Mrs. James Freeman Clarke, Cora H. Clarke, Mrs. Elizabeth Leonard, W. H. Haile.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Francis W. Welch, Jane F. Dow, Elizabeth Dow, Calvin T. Phillips, Mary C. Tolman, Mrs. Harris, Eliza B. Leonard, G. W. Wales, Mrs. J. W. Welsh, James H. Ellison, Mrs. B. F. Nourse, A. T. Perkins.

THREE DOLLARS EACH.

R. H. Smith & Co., Mrs. P. F. Wilcox.

TWO DOLLARS EACH.

Cornelia Dow, J. R. Corthell, Sarah P. Loud, Mrs. F. A. Forbes, Mrs. A. Steblins, Homer Foote, Morgan Envelope Co.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Mrs. Nancy F. Kidder, Mrs. Shepard, Charlotte Fay, M. D., Mrs. H. S. Appleton, Mrs. B. D. Rising, Mrs. J. C. Brooks, Mrs. Frank Wesson, Mrs. R. A. Gordon, Mrs. Horace Smith, Mrs. L. B. Taylor, Mrs. F. A. Jennings, Mrs. James Kirkham, F. W. Lathrop, Milton Bradley, G. H. Dolan, J. H. Cook, Dr. McClen, Mrs. Ralph Day, Mrs. Laura P. Loomis, Mrs. L. T. Cutler, Mrs. A. B. Wallace, Mrs. E. D. Metcalf, Wm. Fiske.

Total \$323.50.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Flushing Society P. C. to Animals, \$6; Mrs. J. R. Kendrick, \$3.60; Maria Murdock, \$3.15; Mary G. Hitchcock, \$3; Mrs. C. P. Curtis, \$2; Jno. C. Voorhies, \$2; Alfred A. Reed, Jr., \$2; Mrs. L. W. Gazzam, \$1.50; A. H. Roffe & Co., .40; Agnes Steinke, .25; Lina Evans, .25.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Z. James Belt, S. T. Dennie, Mrs. A. R. Hamilton, Martha Dodgson, Mrs. Charles Ripley, R. P. Lewis, Irving T. Guild, Luther Magoun, Hiram Johnson, O. W. Sears, H. B. Scannell, Mary E. Libbey, Rev. John Pike.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

Mary Witcher, D. L. Pratt, Jr., J. A. Tauchert, Mrs. E. A. Talbot, Mrs. Wm. Rose Nimmons, G. J. F. Bryant, Miss Cooledge, James W. Fowle, Willie Bradford, Mrs. Annie E. Faxon, Henry Short, Ellen E. Leary, Wm. C. Glidden, C. S. Joslin, W. H. Cheever, Dr. F. F. Burden, Wm. H. Riley, Jr., W. H. Fisher, Jno. P. Bennett, Albert Gardner.

Total, \$47.15.

OTHER SUMS.

Interest \$235; publications sold, \$7.85.

Total, \$672.75.

RECEIVED BY TREASURER.

Mrs. Ernestine May Kettle, \$50.

All animals have their good points, but for points, the porcupine beats them all.

A back-biter—The mosquito.

Prince and Pearl.

[Emma C. Dowd in Youth's Companion.]

In the very same year, on the very same day,
Two little babes were born;
One was a doggy, and one was a girl,
One was named Prince, and one was named Pearl,
All on a New Year's morn.

And in one cradle the babies slept,
All through the mid-winter weather;
One on her pillow, dimpled and sweet,
And one curled up at the darling's feet,—
Prince and Pearl together.

But Prince grew fast, as dog-gies will,
Till he soon was large and strong,
With a coal-black coat that was curly and fine,
With a big, big bark and a sorrowful whine;
And he learned to know right from wrong.

And Prince would sit by the baby Pearl,
Rocking her while she slept,
Gently, lightly, to and fro,
And the mother was free to come or go,
For Prince a true watch kept.

And he'd bear caresses from baby hands
With never so much as a wince;
And Pearl on his back was secure from harm,
For he'd carry her safely all over the farm,—
Darling, trusty old Prince!

And when Pearl went to the village school,
A mile or more away,
Prince carried her basket and primer, too,
And would run to fetch her when school was through,
At the close of the live-long day.

Oh, they were ever the best of friends,
In summer or stormy weather;
Up in the mountains or down by the sea,
In town or country, 'twould always be
Prince and Pearl together.

The Smallest Dog in the World.

"Tiny," a black and tan terrier, has the honor of having been the smallest full-grown dog that ever lived. He belonged to Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald MacLaine, of England, and in honor of his extreme tininess is now carefully preserved under a glass case.

Tiny was less than four inches long, and could comfortably curl up and take a nap in a glass tumbler. An ordinary finger ring was large enough for his collar; and when he sat up, a baby's hand would almost have made a broad and safe resting place for him.

Of course Tiny was no account against a rat. Indeed, a hearty, self-respecting mouse would have stood its ground against the little fellow. But if Tiny had not strength, he did have courage, and would bark as lustily as his little lungs would let him at the biggest rat that ever lived—when the rat was dead.

To tell the truth, Tiny was remarkable and he was famous, but he was not very happy. He could have had almost anything he wished to eat, but he had no appetite. He shivered most of the time, even though he was usually hidden in warm wraps. Of course he caught cold easily, and then, oh, dear, how pitifully he did sneeze!

—C. J. Russell, in St. Nicholas.

Publications Received From Kindred Societies.

Animal World, London, England.
Band of Mercy and Humane Educator. Philadelphia, Pa.
Humane Educator. Cincinnati, Ohio.
Humane Journal, Chicago, Ill.
Humane Record. St. Louis, Mo.
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.
Zoophilist. London, England.
Animals' Friend. Geneva, Switzerland.
Animals' Friend. Vienna, Austria.
Bulletin of Trieste Society P. A. Trieste, Italy.
German P. A. Journal "Ibis." Berlin, Prussia.
Rhenish-Westphalian P. A. Journal. Cologne, Germany.
Swiss P. A. Journal. Zurich, Switzerland.
Zoophilist. Naples, Italy.

We are glad to print this little song, written and set to music by MRS. CAROLINE A. KENNARD, Chairman of the Befriending Committee of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union.

SPARE OUR BIRDS.

1. See our own dear birds are coming; Hark! they call from tree to tree.
2. Spare our na-tive birds, ye boys; They with song and beau-ty bless.

Soon their nests they will be building, Please not touch but let them be.
Fret them not in right-ful joys, Make their num-ber none the less.

- 3 Robin red-breast, blithe and gay,
Coily peeps and hops along;
Others come and seem to play,
Now they fill the air with song.
- 4 Lovely blue-birds build with care,
Their wee ones to feed and rear;
Harm them not, and do not dare
Trouble them, or go too near.
- 5 Wood-peckers and blue-jay's bright
Cheer us with their thrilling notes;
Children all may well delight,
Hearing these from warbling throats.
- 6 Spare our birds and let them live
Joyous in their native air;
Tender love in fulness give,
Ever mindful of their care.

Issued by the WOMEN'S EDUCATIONAL AND INDUSTRIAL UNION.
74 Boylston Street, Boston. 1886.

Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications can be obtained at our offices at cost prices, which does not include postage.

"Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, at 2 cents for the whole ten bound together, or	\$2.00 per 100
"Care of Horses,"	.45 "
"Cattle Transportation," by Geo. T. Angell,	1.10 "
"Protection of Animals," by Geo. T. Angell,	1.50 "
"Five Questions Answered," by G. T. Angell,	.50 "
"The Check Rein," by G. T. Angell,	.60 "
"Band of Mercy Information," by Geo. T. Angell,	1.00 "

"How to Kill Animals Humanely," by Dr. D. D. Slade,	1.00 "
Humane Picture Card, "Waiting for Master,"	.75 "
"Selections From Longfellow,"	3.00 "
"Bible Lessons for Bands of Mercy,"	.45 "
"Service of Mercy," selections from Scripture, etc.	.65 "
"Band of Mercy History," by Rev. T. Timmins,	12.50 "
"Band of Mercy Melodies," book form, 2c. each.	
"Band of Mercy Register,"	6 cents.
" " " Cards of Membership,"	2 cents each.

The above can be had in smaller numbers at the same rates.

The Bobolink.

"When Nature had made all her birds,
And had no cares to think on,
She gave a rippling laugh,—when out
There flew a Bob-o'-lincoln."

What other bird has so jubilant, so jocund and free-from-care a song as the bobolink? What cares he whether "school keeps" or not, so long as he has green meadows to live in, and flat pasture fields and marshes, on the tall reeds of which he swings as he pours forth his rollicking song? He is a little tipsy—intoxicated, in fact—with our glorious Northern summer. Unlike the most of our birds, he frequently sings while on the wing, and in this, as well as in the joyous *adandon* of his singing, he is said to resemble the English sky-lark.

Like our meadow-lark, the bobolink prefers flat countries, and refuses to live among the hills. I have seen him most frequently in the flat pastures of Southern Ohio, where he makes his appearance about the middle of May, just as the apple trees are bursting into bloom. Somehow he is always associated in my mind with corn-planting, from the fact, I think, of his always hovering around the corn-fields at that time, and seeming to watch the planting with great interest. Some one says that, during the corn-planting, the bobolink sits on the fence and sings, "Drop it! drop it! pick it up! pick it up! quick! quick! quick!" all uttered with inconceivable rapidity and jollity.

Irving, speaking of the bobolink, says: "He comes amid the pomp and fragrance of the season: his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine; he is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows, and is most in song when the clover is in blossom." The bobolink is as John Burroughs remarks, the only white and black bird we have. When it first makes its appearance in spring, the white or rather warm cream color on its back is decidedly marked, but towards fall it dons its suit for a rusty or grayish black, not unlike that of the cow-bunting of which it is a distant relative. It builds its nest on the ground, generally in a bunch of sedges near a low swamp, and so carefully does it conceal it that often as I have searched I have only succeeded in finding one of their nests. It was in a tussock of coarse grass near a marshy place in a low meadow, and I was first attracted to it by seeing one of the birds swinging on a tall weed near by and pouring out his whole soul in a joyous outburst, as though he knew he was "a jolly fellow." There were four eggs in the nest, of a pale blue, spotted with dark brown, about the size of those of the cow-bunting. During the early part of the summer the bobolink feeds on grass-hoppers, crickets, insects, etc., but later in the season he subsists almost entirely on the seeds of grasses and reeds, from which he gets the name of "reed-bird."

Early in September they leave for the rice fields of the South, where they are known as the rice-birds."
—L. N. Houston.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS,

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

TERMS:

Single copies, per annum, 50 cents; for four copies and below ten, 45 cents; for ten and below twenty-five copies, 40 cents; for twenty-five and below fifty, 35 cents; for fifty and below one hundred, 30 cents; and for one hundred and more copies, as now, 25 cents each, in advance. Postage free to all parts of the United States.

Articles for the paper, and subscriptions, may be sent to the Editor, Goddard Building, 19 Milk Street, cor. Hawley, Boston.

RATES OF SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP:

Active Life, - - - \$100.00	Associate Annual, - - - \$5.00
Associate Life, - - - 50.00	Children's, - - - 1.00
Active Annual, - - - 10.00	Branch, - - - 1.00

All members receive OUR DUMB ANIMALS free, and all publications of the Society.

OFFICES OF THE SOCIETY:

GODDARD BUILDING, 19 MILK STREET
Corner Hawley Street, Boston.

Coburn Bros., Printers, 114 Washington St., Boston.

and
What
long
t pas-
which
ong?
h our
ost of
wing,
of his
n sky.

rs flat
ls. I
stures
rance
trees
lways
from
round
watch
e says
sits on
it up!
d with

"He
eason:
ent, all
he soft
s, and
ssom."
ks, the
it first
rather
arked,
grayish
which
on the
a low
it that
ded in
cock of
eadow,
e of the
pouring
though
e were
ed with
ne cow-
ummer
rickets,
subsists
reeds,
il."
e fields
ne rice-
uston.

LS,

he
THE
MALS.

below ten,
or twenty-
undred, 30
cents each,
.

sent to the
Boston.

- \$5 00
- 1 00
- 1 00

ill publica-

TREET